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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899. NUMBER 2.

The subject and the author are well matched in Mr. Crothers' article on "The Mission of Humor" in the September "Atlantic." Mr. Crothers, who is himself something of a Charles Lamb, has pleaded well for this muse, but humor is a dangerous guide and her weapons often trick him who would fight with them. Humor lives dangerously near to sarcasm and sarcasm coquettes with sneers and often deals in the use of cynicism. He who turns an argument with a laugh wins a victory so easy that it may be turned into defeat.

"The Peace Crusade" wisely assumes that the argument of "war-is-hell" will not carry much weight among legislators, not even on the floors of the United States Senate, but perhaps the argument that "war is bankruptcy" will. The army and navy cost every man, woman and child in England six dollars a year; in France five dollars a year; in Germany three dollars and in the United States the cost of the army and navy has increased from seventy-nine million dollars per annum in 1870, to one hundred and thirty million in 1899. The business man is to be reckoned with if the moralists are to be silenced.

While the Dreyfus trial is dragging its weary length along, public opinion is steadily becoming more pronounced in its confidence in the victim. The public press is inclined to use the enormity visited upon Dreyfus as an evidence of the degeneracy of France. Perhaps it will yet be used as evidence that France of all the countries of Europe had moral elasticity and spiritual recoil enough to discover itself in the wrong and to confess the same. It is sad for governments as for individuals to err, but it is glorious for governments and individuals to have strength enough to recover their vision, to confess their sins and to restore sanity.

Three declarations looking toward the ameliorating of the horrors of war were considered at The Hague, viz., the throwing of explosive from balloons, the use of poisonous gases in projectiles and the use of the "Dum Dum" bullets. Nine powers refused to sign these prohibitions. The United States delegation signed only against explosive from balloons. The position taken by those refusing powers was, as we understand it, that if killing is to be done, let it be done on the most extensive and effective scale. If the United States has use for further projectiles in the Philippines why not load them with gas that will asphyxiate the whole command? Let the "Dum Dum" bullet be used. By the way, will some one versed in modern military projectiles inform UNITY editors and readers what a "Dum Dum" bullet is?

The "Woman's Journal" has an interesting note concerning three Chicago woman, a mother and two daughters, who are building a two-story brick house on the West Side. The first story is already up and they are putting in the window frames for the second. They are thus saving to themselves forty-five dollars a week. There is nothing startling in this achievement. Brick laying, as these ladies pursue it, is probably not such hard work as much of the housework, including washing and baby tendng, which thousands of women undergo. Indeed, as a feat of physical strength it is not comparable with that greatest strain on the human body which is imposed by the society woman when in full swim, with her late hours, straining dress and the overstraining smile of conventionality. Woman's rights, liberally interpreted, imply the freedom to build a brick house and the way of escape from the slavery of fashion and life-destroying conventionality.

Much of the most pointed theological discussions, indeed, much of the best religious writing, is to be found in the current press to-day outside of the so-called religious papers and independent of the "denominational organ" which has been the standby of so many firesides. Much of the searching criticism of current error as well as fearless defense of the fundamental truths of religion is found in the columns of this so-call secular press. Such a bit of writing we find in the Editor's Table for the "Popular Science Monthly" for September, under the caption, "The Troubles of Orthodoxy." Commenting upon the agitations that gather around the names of Dr. Briggs and Bishop Potter, the editor says "there is nothing specially religious in believing that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul or that the adventures of Jonah were precisely as described in the book that bears his name. * * * If we really understand the position of Dr. Briggs and Bishop Potter they hold that religion is essentially an attitude of mind and heart. * * * and hence that every human being is called to nothing less than holiness of life. * * * We do not hesitate to say that when, from the vantage height of modern knowledge, they affirm with deep conviction the indestructibleness of the religious sentiment and the everlasting reality of its object, they render a service which from a religious point of view cannot be overestimated."

M. Gorden Pryor Rice has an article in the "Outlook" of the 26th ult., entitled "A Fetich in Education" upon a subject of grave importance. The "fetich in education" is the examination paper that throttles the relish of the child for study, entangles the student in the details of learning and is a menace to the free spirit of investigation and creative thought which alone bring either the power or the joys of culture. From the primary grade to the Ph. D. of the university, the test is forever too technical and superficial." In these columns we have often pled for the

big entrance door into every kind of a school and a small exit to all the schools. The only test that should obtain is that of results. Does the child or the graduate love anything more for having been to your school? If so the school is justified whatever the standing may be. Is child or man without an enthusasm, without a relish for more work, a mental dyspeptic, one to whom books out of sight are out of mind? If so, the school is a failure, whatever the records of the examination may show. We sympathize with the wife of the professor quoted in this article, who said, "I am disappointed in young people woefully. We are always reading of youth being the season of aspiration, high ideals, etc. Well, if your college youth have any such things they are most careful to conceal them. It is bad form to be enthusiastic and deeply interested and you must never be in earnest." Alas, for the youth of whom this is true, and we fear their names are legion. Are our colleges and high schools to be arraigned for the murder of youthful ideas and the destruction of mental appetite and the chilling of moral enthusiasm?

The "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia is making, even in these days of newspaper enterprise, a phenomenal push for a lasting place in the newspaper world. Its typography, illustrations and paper are always of the most attractive and its material of the kind that entertains and instructs. The current number, August 19, before us, contains portraits of General Howard, who writes on the campaign issues of nineteen hundred, from a republican standpoint; of Sir Alfred Milner, the man of the hour in South Africa, and Major J. B. Pond gives the first of his paper on "Famous Orators I Have Known." He calls Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and John B. Gough "the great triumvirate of lecture kings." He estimates that Mr. Gough, from 1861, when he entered the temperance lecture field, to the time of his death in 1886, 25 years, had delivered 9,601 different addresses, and among the trophies of this lecture campaign he left behind him four large volumes, which contain one hundred and forty thousand names of those who had vowed themselves to temperance under his inspiration. The article contains interesting gossip concerning Beecher, Sumner and Douglass, which, like all gossip, some of it might as well have remained unwritten, but altogether the article shows what a power the lyceum platform has been and sets the thoughtful reader asking again, is the lyceum a thing of the past, is there no way of reviving its power? Not until it is rescued from the toils of mammon. The lecturer as a money maker has killed the lecturer as a truth teller. When the British anti-slavery society presented Wendell Phillips a gold watch after the emancipation of slavery in America was accomplished, the great orator said, "Gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg I should have known what to do with it, but as it is a gold watch I have nothing to say."

Our contemporary, the "Advance,'" the organ of the Congregationalists, published in Chicago, for August 24 has a wise editorial on the Philippine question. While doubting the probability of an anti-imperial political party, our neighbor says that "It may as well be admitted that the Philippine question is causing trouble of heart to many good people" and it enumerates the reasons urged for the subjugation of the Filipinos that "do not commend themselves to the righteous sentiment of the country." It says "a war of conquest for the sake of trade is not a justifiable war, and everybody in America knows it." It also disposes of the argument that America should become a world power by saying, "We would all like to see America a world power, but not on the basis of the conquests of pagan Rome. * * * We must have some other reasons for swallowing up the weak than to extend and rule." It adds, "Bad as both of these arguments are they are at the bottom of the speeches and articles in defense of the Philippine business." Of the incapability of the Filipino for self-rule, it says, "These arguments, like homeopathic medicine, are to be taken in very small doses. There are a great many millions of brown people in the world, and all the tropics are full of scantily clothed people. If we are to set about governing all of them in the interest of civilization and more garments and morals, we shall have our hands full. It may well be questioned whether we should have civilization and morals enough to go round." It further urges that this argument has been so used "to justify all sorts of tyrannies, political and ecclesiastical, that we can well stand in doubt of it." That view of the war which makes it a means of spreading Christianity it characterizes "as a new method and one that does not work satisfactorily." Of the honor argument, "Now that we are in it we must guard our credit," it says, "Our hearts have been torn in sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, not to be stirred by such a history as this war has given us." We are glad thus to summarize the word of our Congregationalist neighbor. The expansionists have too long assumed that the churches of America were either not in sympathy with the war or indifferent to it. We are not sunk so low but what the protest of the pulpit and the voice of religion are still potent, and when they are heard the people will heed. Let not the economist or the politician presume on their ability to settle a great moral question on other than moral grounds or their ability to withhold this great question of right from the test of religion and the agitations of the church and clergy and the religious press.

Vacation Resolves for a Minister.

Renewed in mind and refreshed in body, I return to my work and in the quiet of my vacation musings I have resolved to carry as much of the peace and quiet of the country as I can into the fever and pressure of my city work. I mean to break my city hurry with seasons of country quiet, to find for my own soul at least intervals of silence that will enable me to familiarize myself with my own better self. I am resolved to preach more on the things that unite and give less attention to the things that divide and to dwell on the great spiritual verities that are present in all religions and have been deemed holy in all ages—soul, duty, immortality and God. I am going to try

to identify myself more with the interests of the whole community in which I am to work and thereby become less conscious of my own sectarian peculiarities or the credal idiosyncrasies of my neighbor. If I may increase my consciousness of citizenship I may thereby decrease the consciousness of my heresy or of my orthodoxy. I am resolved to shape my studies on long lines, to preach, if possible, in a way that will inform the mind as well as edify the heart. I am going to try to reconcile more and more my people to science and the application of science to Bible and religious questions. In order to do this my own studies must lead me to the masters. I want to have less to do with second-rate authors and more to do with those who have a right to speak with the authority that becomes a student, specialist, a seer and sage. I am going to try more than ever before to induce my people to read good books and to familiarize them with great authors, living and dead. I think I shall put more weight upon the sermon than ever before, but only that it may become the better center of activity among my people. But I will be surer than ever that the best of sermons without the service is but Giotto's tower "waiting still the completeness of the spire." Reverence is the great front door of the spiritual cathedral and devoutness is the soil out of which grows peace and strength. I am going to try to remember that I am on duty seven days of the week and to convert that duty into a pleasure and privilege. I mean to try to induce my people to take more interest in things not pertaining to their own little church—the scientific charities of the town, the wider and higher propaganda in the interest of things they deem most fundamental, particularly in educational matters. I hope to ally myself more with the school teachers, be more trusted and used by the school children. I mean to care less and less for the success of my church only in so far as its success means a power for good in the town. I hope that I shall be able to persuade my people that my time is too valuable to be wasted in the more outwardly social functions that are generally identified with what is called "parish work." If my time is fully preoccupied with such studies and such work as will lead my people into a little more disinterested activity and fresh sympathy with the unfortunate, a more open heart and hand for the suffering, and, above all, a more open mind toward such discussions as seek not only to ameliorate but to remove poverty and crime from the world, they will, I am sure, be willing to excuse me from the more personal attentions which would be pleasant to all parties concerned, but which will inevitably preclude many of these higher activities.

I am going to give myself more to the young, not their amusements, but their education, not to them as a class, for age lines are deceptive, but to the youthful spirit, the heroic and growing life in bodies of all ages. I am going to be more distrustful of the so-called "social side" of our church work, except so far as it brings with it intellectual and moral fellowships and it makes for spiritual earnestness and intellectual seriousness.

These are some of my vacation resolves. And I am resolved to be respectful toward them, and when, a year hence, I shall look back and see how sadly I have failed I think I shall still respect the resolves and try to know at least the comfort which Browning gives:

"What I aspired to be and was not,
Comforts me."

Good Poetry.

Burnt Ships.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea!
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free,
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the West; that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy
To shores unknown!

O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faith, thy braveries;
There is no sun, no bloom; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy brow; the eyes are hostile eyes;
The gold is hidden; vain thy tears and cries;
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships?

—*Helen Fiske Jackson.*

Evening.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love; I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide beyond yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around the smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay
Or setting suns beyond that piled,
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face.

Lake of the Northland! Keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

—*Whittier.*

The Pulpit.

The English Bible.

The Story of the Bible Told from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER, ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

IX.

THE BIBLE AS POETRY AND LITERATURE.

There is a splendid freedom for the mind in the ethical attitude—according to which our one purpose is to find light on the pathway of the true life and to learn how to lead the best life possible. No anxiety need concern us as to where our light comes from on this score, so long as we know that the light is genuine. I feel no hesitation in talking enthusiastically over the literature of the Bible and the light which I find there—all the more for the reason that I feel no constraint as if I must find the light there, whether it is there or not.

No authority requires it of me that I should place this literature higher in importance than the literature of other religions or other races. I turn to its pages as I would turn to the pages of the literature of the Stoics, or to the Buddhists, or to Plato.

But I do most emphatically believe in what we call the historic method, when looking for light on the pathway of life. We each one of us have only a limited experience, and after we have once gotten it, the time is nearly past when we can make it useful. But the human race at large has had enormous experience on this very one matter, as to what gives value to life and how to get the most value out of life. There is more to be had in the experience of the human race in this regard than in one's own experience. Only in the rarest instances, therefore, should one go contrary to what the enlightened portion of the human race has come to regard as the right course of life.

The first rule, therefore, which we should lay down for those who want light on life's past pathway is the old one, "Search the Scriptures." Only, by this I mean all scriptures which tradition has led us to believe contained elements of value. It is in such scriptures that we find the records of human experience.

The trouble is, however, that in searching literature for this purpose, we find so many influences merging together in the same literature; and so the light often is confusing and sometimes adds more embarrassment than help.

I have said that on the whole the Bible, taking it altogether, gives more light on the pathway of life than any other volume of literature from past times. You will find, to be sure, equally valuable precepts in the writings of the Stoics, or in the scriptures of Buddhism, or in the poetry and philosophy of Greece.

But the trouble with such sources of light is that they speak oftentimes only of special personal experience or special epochs in history.

The peculiarity of the Bible is that it is a record of nearly a thousand years of continuous experience on the problems I speak of. If the Apocrypha and the book of "Enoch" had been retained in the Bible, we should have all the threads by which we could trace the growth of the Hebrew mind on certain of the greatest problems of existence, covering a period of nearly ten centuries. If this had been ten centuries of the more advanced experience it would have been of far less value. The records of the experience of the Hebrew race for the last eighteen hundred years do not compare in importance, for the light they give, to the records of the preceding eight hundred or one thousand years.

And why, do you ask? Because in those first records we have the growth from its start, as it were; from the childhood of the race upward to maturity. And this is what gives it the value I speak of.

Furthermore, there is something most peculiar to this literature as a characteristic, which belongs in the same degree to no other literature in the world, as far as I know, covering the same length of time. It is the singular unity or continuity of it. Other literatures would seem to show more or less fusion with outside influences, and the fusion took place so rapidly that we are not able oftentimes to detect the lines where the parts ran together. But the extraordinary race-tenacity of the Hebrews has been one of the phenomenæ of history, and it was that race tenacity which gives us in the Bible literature such continuity of experience.

To be sure, as I have said again and again in these lectures, we see where other influences entered. But the striking fact is that in the case of the literature of the Hebrews there is seldom any difficulty in determining the entering point of anything that came in from the outside, and deciding what belonged essentially to the Hebrew mind itself. After the first or second centuries of the Christian era the literatures of what we now call "Christendom" began to run together, and I doubt if anyone could clearly tell in the books or writings of the third or fourth centuries just what was Roman thought, what was Egyptian thought, what was Greek thought, what was Hebrew thought, or what thoughts came from far-away India.

The striking value of the Bible literature is that the attitude of mind in the portions which came later, do not accord with the attitude of mind which came first. You observe that the very point which the old school would have thought most destructive to the value of this literature, is the one which I put forward as most emphasizing its value. The significance of it all is that we see the gradual development of mind, the coming in of more and more light.

We traced this feature for you with regard to one of the great problems of history, dealing with belief in God. But if there were time or space it would be possible to do it with some of the other great problems on the more practical side.

Take, for instance, the problem of the family, and see the wonderful discoveries made by the Hebrew race on that score, and how those discoveries are recorded. In the primitive pictures of the prehistoric times, which are presented to us in the first portions of the Bible, in those stories of the Patriarchs, we see the nomad family life, where perhaps the children could be traced only through the line of the mother and where the Patriarchs may have had many wives. It was what I should call the "nomad" family life—without unity, without coherence, without spirituality. The Family had not found itself, or found its soul.

As soon as you get the books of the Old Testament arranged in their chronological order you see how the Hebrew race began to find more and more light on this subject of the family, until by and by their whole attitude changed and they came to believe in the family of one husband and one wife, the Monogamic Family. They had found out by experience what was the true family life, and the striking fact is that they saw the point from its spiritual side. It was connected with the religious beliefs of the people; it grew with the growth of the belief about gods or God, until the prophet could illustrate polytheism and its effects as like the influence of polygamy. Having many wives was like having many gods, and so the favorite though sad figure employed by the prophets in pointing out what it meant to lose one's supreme devotion to the one God, Jehovah, was like being careless with regard to the spiritual significance of sex. And the result was to throw a spiritual element into the family life, to dignify its unity, so that when the Bible

came to its close its whole weight was thrown on the side of an ideal monogamic family life. By that means such a family life was established as the only true family, for the rest of the history of the human race.

If I had the time I should like to point out to you likewise the evolution of the idea of justice as you watch it through the Bible. You can see how the Hebrew race got light more and more on this subject, and you can trace up the stages of the light as it grew and expanded. You see the primitive attitude of the wandering hordes of the earliest times, to whom practically "might made right." And then you see how the higher law comes in and the ethical code is laid down: "Thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not kill," but holding for the most part only among the members of the tribe.

You observe later on, when those historic books went through their final revision, a new attitude of mind had come, which led the last authorities to change the tone of the old records and to interpolate explanations or excuses which are wonderfully significant. We know beyond any doubt that the Israelites undertook to conquer Palestine and slay the Canaanites in just the same spirit that the savage hordes from the north and east of Europe swept down over the higher civilization of the Roman Empire and conquered it. It is recognized that there was more civilization among the Canaanites at first than among the Israelites.

But when the sense of justice had advanced further, you see how the more enlightened ethical mind of the Hebrew race wanted to show that their forefathers did all this because of the wickedness of the Canaanites and because their God, "Yahveh," had commanded them to root out the wickedness from Palestine by exterminating the people who had dwelled there.

Do you call this falsifying history? I think that name would be a mistake. As a matter of fact, we are more than glad that it was done, because in the very fact that such a step was taken we have the record of the ethical advance of the Hebrew mind and the new light which had come on the subject of justice. The people of Palestine had come to see that justice with its rules held between one race and another race, and was not merely an affair of the tribe, and that aggressive warfare was only to be carried on according as the people had justice for it. When they came to see or to feel that justice applied to it, then they said that their God commanded it.

So, too, you can trace the new light which came in, regarding the true spirit of fellow feeling or of brotherly love. We see it prevailing only at first perhaps within the family; afterward only within the tribe; then only within the race.

The idea that the code of justice applied between one race and another, came a long while before the standpoint was adopted which asked that there should be fellow feeling or love between one race and another. Hundreds of years elapsed before this further standpoint began to apply. I showed you how it developed in the book of Jonah, but coming to its full form perhaps only in the last and greatest of the prophets of the Hebrew race, when, as I told you, Judaism expanded into a universal religion.

The Bible, one might say, closes as a growth, in that beautiful chapter from the Apostle of St. Paul on "charity," which was the old English word, as you know, for "love."

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

"Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

"For we know in part, and we prophecy in part.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known.,

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

In only one respect, perhaps, can you see that toward the end the Bible grows reactionary. In the last portion of it we get no light or almost none, on the ethical or spiritual attitude to be taken toward that great institution which was to assume such importance in the later times, the political organism, or the State.

In this direction the literature of the Bible does not give us a great deal of help, because there were two theories almost from the outset with regard to the State, prevalent among the thoughtful Hebrews,—one of which looked upon the State as a theocracy, assuming that God only was the King, and the Church the only real State; the other divided Church and State as two separate institutions. Nowhere during the thousand years while this literature was developing can we see those two attitudes fusing into one, and in that way giving us a clear light on what now is perhaps the greatest problem of the world.

The New Testament ignores this subject, for the simple reason, as I explained to you, that the expectation was strong that the world was soon to come to an end. Hence the attitude of mind among the earlier followers of Jesus was to ignore the State as an institution altogether, watching for the time when the Judgment Day should come and the State should become the "Kingdom of God."

We do not put forward this literature to you as if it contained all the light or the wisdom needful, or as if the light ceased to grow when the Bible came to an end.

Nor do we ask you to believe all that you find there, to accept all the theology contained in that literature. You cannot do so, for the simple reason that the theology at the end is not the same theology as at the beginning. As far as the theology-side is concerned I leave you to your own attitude of mind concerning it. I study the Bible for the light it may throw on the pathway of the true life, rather than the light it may throw on what is beyond or outside of life.

In another sense the Bible did not come to an end when the literature was completed. Human experience has gone on just the same. More and more light has come to the world, and we have to search the scriptures of later times as well as of the times of old, for all the light to be had. But our beginning should be made in our study with these so-called Sacred Scriptures.

Yet there is a charm in these Scriptures apart from the light they shed on the pathway of life. It is as with the light of the sun; it may come in one form or another; sometimes in rainbow hues or sunset tints; sometimes only in the clear, steady noonday glare. The additional charm of the Bible is that a great deal of the light comes in such beautiful forms and

that what we have here is not merely abstract precepts, but literature or poetry.

The Bible, in another sense, is the literature of the Hebrew race for about a thousand years. All of it is not alike beautiful in form. Some of it is rather dry and tame. Then, again, there are portions of it as fine as anything in Shakespeare or Dante.

On the whole, there is less poetry or real literature in the New Testament than in the Old Testament. The trouble is, as I told you, that so much of the New Testament is second-hand. Nowhere do we have the continued language of Jesus. And even where we have his sayings they are not in what was his mother tongue. The Sermon on the Mount, as we know, was only a collection of precepts which he had made from time to time and which were brought together after his death. Here and there, to be sure, there are parables which seem to read as if coming pretty near to what he must have said, and those parables have a simplicity and beauty about them which will make them immortal even as literature. Was there ever a drama put on the stage by any playwright since the world began, which has more struck home to the human heart than the simple story of the Prodigal Son? How that story tells a whole life experience of many a mortal creature! Perhaps the finest literary gem in the New Testament is the celebrated speech attributed to Saint Paul and supposed to have been made on Mars Hill at Athens. I might quote this to you in order to bring out the simplicity of style. No philosopher to-day could use such a style. He would want to twist in and out with all sorts of side lights, or run off on by-paths. But in this one short speech, made on Mars Hill by Saint Paul, you see practically all the growth of the Hebrew race in its idea of God:

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, "To the Unknown God." Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing, he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; they that should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: For in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. For as much then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: Because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

I ask you, could a modern man go to a strange people to proclaim a new religion and do it in simple language like that? Saint Paul himself did not know that his speech was to go into a Bible; more than that, he did not know himself that his own race had also at one time thought of the God-head as "like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device." He did not know that he was a crowning feature of a thousand years of a race-groping after-light on the subject of God-head and God.

When it comes to the New Testament as a whole the literary quality of it is not so high as with the earlier portions of the Bible.

My experience has been that when I wanted to indulge in the charms of literature as a feature of the Bible, instinctively I turned to the Old Testament. Nothing in "Hamlet," for instance, is finer than what you come upon in the book of Job. Neither of these two tragedies offers a solution to the problems which are raised. They just show the soul of man beating with its wings against the walls which hide the inscrutible. And in either of these works we are sure to find in exquisite language what has been more or less seething in ourselves in chaotic form. We all think, and down in our souls we all have huge interrogation points. But only the great artists or the geniuses find a way of putting these interrogation points into immortal language. Was it strange that Job should have raised the question why the sun shines alike on the just and on the unjust? And in the way he and his comforters tossed the arguments to and fro, you find reproduced the same old questions and answers we may give to-day. What you have, therefore, is a record of heart experiences in such literature. So, too, if you find the time to read the Psalms, you can run the whole gamut of hope and disappointment there. It all takes more or less of a religious character; but whatever character it may assume, every soul runs through that gamut at one time or another.

I wish I could induce you to turn to your Bible and read the book of Genesis straight through from beginning to end, omitting, however, the genealogies. I fancy that many of you have not done this, who have read translations of the "Iliad" of Homer. And why have you read Homer? Because, you will tell me, it is great literature and it gives us rare pictures of the primitive world, of the human race in its childhood.

Now I must remind you that you have in the book of Genesis an equally great classic, and far more entertaining as literature than anything which you will find in Homer. If only you will go to it, not from a sense of duty, but with the same motive with which you turn to your "Iliad," you may be surprised at the charm of the book of Genesis.

There, too, you will find pictures exquisitely told, of the childhood of the human race. You will find human nature showing itself with a naive frankness, the good and evil right on the surface just as you see it in children to-day, save that the persons described there are "children of a larger growth." You read how great men may have lifted up their faces and wept. You read of family joys and family troubles; of the life of fathers and mothers and of the fathers' and mother's disappointments. The story of the world or of the human race is written there in those chapters in a simplicity that is marvelous, and which no modern man to-day could ever imitate or reproduce.

If only you would be willing to read those stories of the Patriarchs just as pictures, in the way you read your Homer! See how the people of those early days felt toward their gods, as toward "Zeus" or "Pallas." The time had not yet come when self-consciousness was so strong that grown men sought to hide their feelings. Their ideals had not shot far ahead of their practice, and you see, therefore, the naive human heart as it actually was in those days. What a picture you have in that speech of Jacob punished for all his mistakes, and seeing that he was to lose his dearest child, as he lifted up his voice and said:

"Joseph is not and Simeon is not and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me. My son shall not go down with you to Egypt for his brother is dead and he only is left. If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

A part of this matter reads like the stories an aged mother would tell to her children, of bygone things as she had heard them from her aged grandmother.

Much indeed of this beautiful literature has become so classic that we quote it as we quote Shakespeare, scarcely knowing where the words came from. I wish I could induce you to read over again that charming tale called the book of "Ruth." Who has not heard and remembered that straightforward speech of the daughter of the Gentiles, to Naomi:

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following

after thee. For whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Do you recall anything anywhere in the world literature more perfectly expressive of fealty or absolute devotion than this speech of Ruth to Naomi?

And even when the childhood of the race was passing away, when a sterner atmosphere was abroad and a higher sense of justice was awakened, when the race was coming to a fuller sense of its mission or destiny, even then the straightforward simplicity of speech is there and the rare literary qualities to which we have alluded.

Fully five hundred years had passed away from the time of the Patriarchs to the time of David. And yet the truth and realism which goes with the best literature is before us in reading the stories of David and his experiences. David, too, in a way was a child—a "child of nature," as we should say—but not living quite in the "childhood of the world." A stern sense of ethical judgment had grown up and was practiced in his time. We know the awful act of crime he had committed when he envied the wife of one of his officers, and then in order to secure her for himself had that officer placed at the head of the ranks of battle that the man might fall at the edge of the sword. It all happened as David planned and David got the wife he wanted; and in the boldness of his heart he cared naught for any dawning sense of justice in the world.

But I ask you whether you can find in Buddhism or the literature of Greece or in Shakespeare anything finer than this description of the meeting of David and the prophet Nathan after the crime had been committed:

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him and said unto him: There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one ewe lamb which he had brought and nourished up. And it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat; and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveler unto the rich man and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb and dressed it for the man that was come unto him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man and he said to Nathan: As the Lord liveth the man that hath done this is worthy to die. And Nathan said to David: Thou art the man."

This is literature; but it is more. It is a picture of a human heart, a sketch of a condition of an age. Many a man has fairly trembled to the very core of his being when he has heard this story read and come upon those words, "Thou art the man."

I am suggesting to you the literary elements to be found in the Bible. You come upon prose and poetry alike there—the bad passions and the good passions, the love feelings and the feelings of hate; aspiration on the one hand or despair on the other.

But more than that, you have Nature poetry. There is something else besides the mystery of the human heart; there is the mystery of the mighty Nature-world, which the man of science probes and discusses and works at, but never wholly unveils. Poetry revels sometimes in the passions of the human heart and its mysteries. But now and then it turns away and revels in the mystery of the Nature-world. You have both these elements in the Bible.

I know of no pictures of Nature in English poetry finer in their way than what you have in the Old Testament. You will find these pictures in the Psalms, and in the writings of the prophets. You see what a sense the Hebrew race displayed through their literature for the mystery of the sky and of the earth and of the sea. You notice how fond they were of Nature's beauty, and see the eye they had for the simple things of beauty around them. The last of the prophets, Jesus, could talk of the "lilies of the field" and of their charm. He, too, had observed the grace of the swallow's movements when on the wing. But long before his day the thoughtful man of Israel had watched that same beauty and talked of it.

I wish I could persuade you to turn to the last chapters in the book of Job and see whether you do not come upon Nature-poetry there, as great or greater than anything in your Wordsworth or your Goethe. Many of you know these chapters, but you cannot know them too well; they are worth committing to memory, like great passages from the English or German poets. It is the heart of man you have here, voicing his sense of the mystery of things, especially the mystery of Nature—the mystery before which the man of science to-day must bow down, like the prophet or priest of those years long ago.

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

"Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee and declare thou unto Me.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding.

"Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the line upon it?

"Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner stone thereof;

"When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

"Who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth;

"When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness the swaddling band for it, and prescribed for it my decree, and set bars and doors, and said:

"Hitherto shalt thou come but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

"Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth? Declare if thou knowest it all.

"Where is the way to the dwelling of light, and as for darkness where is the place thereof;

"That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof and that thou shouldest discern the paths to the house thereof?

"Hast thou entered the treasuries of the snow or hast thou seen the treasuries of the hail?

"By what way is the light parted, or the east wind scattered upon the earth?

"Who hath cleft a channel for the water flood or a way for the lightning of the thunder, to cause it to rain on a land where no man is; on the wilderness wherein there is no man;

"To satisfy the waste and desolate ground and to cause the tender grass to spring forth?

"Hath the rain a father? Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

"Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

"Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens? Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee?

"Canst thou send forth lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?

"Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?

"Who can number the clouds by wisdom?"

This is as fine a piece of work as the statues of the ancient sculptors of Greece or as great a work of art

I do not mean to say that all the Old Testament is in its way as the Parthenon.

of this character. Some of it may be dry and wanting in literary merit. But anyone who knows how to read, can find the poetry and literature there.

In turning to the hymn music of the Psalms you must not necessarily think of them as full of traditional theology. There are portions of the Psalms, to be sure, which were not inspired in that way, and where the spirit is stern and almost vindictive. But there are other passages of tenderness and poetry speaking of the best that is in the human heart.

More than all else in the whole Bible I sometimes feel as if I liked the great Hebrew prophets. They may have been wanting in tenderness. When the times are evil the judges have to be stern rather than tender; and in those days the times were evil.

But if the prophets were stern in their judgments,

they used unconsciously oftentimes a magnificent art-form. The images which they draw in order to bring out their thought are fully up to the best figures of speech or images in your Shakespeare. Perhaps the finest portions, however, to be found in the prophets, as regards the poetry or literature, are in those passages where the element of sternness is subdued and you have a foretaste of the millennium. The darker the cloud was, which hung over the earth and shut out even the horizon, the more intense became the visions of the prophets as to what was behind the cloud.

I wish I could induce you to turn to Isaiah and read from the fortieth chapter straight through to the end. It was not all by one writer. A number of passages from other authors have crept in there. But in those pictures you have visions of immortal worth. Even in the first Isaiah there are indications of it.

I read for instance:

"Behold a King shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment and a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest;

"As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall harken.

"The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge, the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

"The vile persons shall no more be called noble nor the churl said to be bountiful.

But further on in the second Isaiah it is, where we come upon the loftiest strain:

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"For behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

"And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.

"Whereas Thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, destruction within thy borders.

"The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee. But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light and thy God thy glory.

"Thy people shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever."

I do not say that this is the culmination of the whole ideal, or that you have the Perfect Picture in the prophets. No; the light had to go on expanding after the prophets had ceased to speak and after the Bible had closed. Even the vision of Isaiah is not of the millennium of the whole human race, but merely a picture of a glorified city for those who were to dwell at Jerusalem. It has taken two thousand years or more for the human race to come to a conception of a millennium that was to include all the races of man. And even now our visions are seldom quite so broad. Down in our heart of hearts we make some exceptions. Even we to-day have not quite passed beyond the childhood of the past.

But I have done enough in these lectures if I have given you some idea of the worth of the Bible of Christendom. Again I repeat: Read the Scriptures!

Children's Sayings.

A little boy of my acquaintance, about four years of age, disobeyed his mother by wading into some pools of water and soiling his clothes. Coming home in this plight, he expected a reproof and perhaps a whipping, so he was prepared with an argument, presumably based upon some recent Sunday-school lesson. "Why, Lawrence," said his mother, "how could you do so when you know I don't want you to?" "Well," said the boy, in answer, "Jesus went down into the water, but may be you don't like either one of us." The mother could not administer the punishment after that argument.—*"Our Homes and Our Homeless."*

The Study Table.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the "Atlantic Monthly" and followed his more illustrious predecessor, Mr. Howells, to New York, where he is to work with the Harper-McClure combination. Mr. Bliss Perry is to take his place. Is the literary seat of empire steadily drifting from Boston to New York?

The September number of the "Philistine," besides exploiting in its unique way the products of the Roycroft Press, devotes its leader to William Morris, who is pronounced "the strongest all-round man the century has produced. He could do more things and do them well, than any man of either ancient or modern times whom we can name. * * * He was master of six trades, viz., weaver, blacksmith, wood carver, dyer, printer and a musical composer of no mean ability. He could speak four languages, write sublime verse, address a public assemblage, produce plays and resurrect the lost art of making books; and, added to it all, he was an enthusiastic lover of his race. His heart throbbed for humanity." These sentences may lead the reader to desire to read the whole article, but better than that would be reading more of William Morris himself.

The September announcement of new books just issued by the Macmillan Company makes an attractive pamphlet of forty-eight pages. It makes the book lover's mouth water and arouses in him grave apprehensions for his pocketbook. In a biographical way we are promised a new book on Abraham Lincoln by Norman Hapgood, Crawford's "Life of Pope Leo XIII," a book on Cardinal Newman, five new books in Professor Bury's series of Foreign Statesmen, a Record and Review of Sir Henry Irving and the great painter Millais. Professor E. E. Sparks of the University of Chicago is to tell us of "The Men Who Made the Nation;" there is to be a cheaper edition of McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone," and we are to have a new edition of George Brandes' Shakespeare, translated by William Archer. In history Watson's "Story of France" reaches volume two. Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell University is to give us a syllabus of European history from 1600 to 1890, and John Rhys, the eminent professor of Celtic at Oxford, assisted by David Brynmor Jones, M. P., is to give us a story of the "Welsh People, Their Origin and History," a work which promises to fill a long-felt want. In historical writing, as in geographical space, the Welsh have heretofore occupied a side nook too seldom visited. Another volume is to be added to the "Stories of American History," which is the seventh in the series, some twenty stories, either new or in new editions, are noticed. Five books are devoted to out-of-door life, including Mabel Osgood Wright's "Wabeno," Jenkin Lloyd Jones' "Jess,' a new edition of "Diomede, the Life, Travels and Observations of a Dog," and D. Lange of the St. Paul public schools is to tell us how to protect our native birds. In poetry Professor Woodbury, author of the "North Shore Watch" and professor of English literature in England, is to give a new volume, entitled "Wild Evening." Professor Corson is to give us a new book on John Milton, and Professor Cross of Yale one on "The Development of the English Novel." The first volume of Professors Cheyne and Black's "Encyclopedia Biblica" is promised in October; the remaining three volumes will appear at half yearly intervals. This is a book for which believers in scientific criticism and progressive Bible studies have long waited.

Two Recent Books.

*Professor Blackman has written an extremely sober

Professor Blackman has written an extremely sober book, as different as possible from many of the books upon Hawaii that have been written to fire the imperialistic mind and have been intoxicated with the dream of the millennium that will follow hard upon the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Professor Blackman divides the treatment of his subject into three parts—Early Period, Middle Period and Later Period. Under the first heading he considers the origin and character of the people, their race affiliations, environment, political organization, religion, family life, industries and festivals. Under the second heading we have, first, "Conquest"—that of Kamehamaha I—"one of the notable men of the earth," who was born in 1736, "the most striking figure in the annals of Hawaiian life, if not, indeed, of the recent barbarian world." His work was that of fusing into political unity the feudal fragments into which the population of the islands was broken up. Living eighty-three years, he was still in the prime of life when the islands "were discovered in 1778 by Captain James Cook and brought in contact with what is called Christian civilization." Notice the saving clause. Professor Blackman accepts the doctrine of a pre-discovery by the Spaniards 250 years earlier than Cook, and also as valid the legend of a Spanish wreck in 1528, which left its trace upon the islands in some points of dress and feature until other white men came. In whatever guise the conquering hero came, Spaniard or Englishman or American, it made little difference. Captain Cook's dealings with the islands on a first and second visit covered just about one hundred days, in the course of which he did infinite mischief. February 14, 1779, he got what he deserved—an ignominous death. "After the death of Cook a whole village was reduced to ashes." That sounds ridiculous in view of some of our own recent exploits in the Philippines. "Moreover, the occasion of Cook's visit appears to have been a carnival of lust," Cook setting the example, while permitting himself to be worshiped as a god. As such he accepted as his temporary wife and as a propitiatory offering the daughter of a chieftain." (Here is all that is fundamental to Kipling's story of the man who made himself king.) It is set down to his credit that he tried, unsuccessfully, to introduce a better breed of swine. He was more successful in other particulars. "His crew introduced and spread far and wide that venereal disease by which the pages of Hawaiian history have been made so inexpressibly sad."

The first American overtures were not more auspicious. Captain Metcalf visited the islands in 1789. One of his amenities was the beating of a high chief with a rope's end. Another this: "When great numbers of natives came off for trade he massed their canoes on one side of his ship and swept them with a broadside from cannon and musket, which killed above a hundred natives outright and wounded a multitude." Vancouver's record, 1792-1794, is much better.

The modern period dates from the arrival of the first American missionaries in 1820. Professor Blackman is cordial in his recognition of their unselfish spirit, but doubtful of the wisdom of their methods and the reality of the conversions which they wrought. Witness the convert graduated from the mission seminary, judge of his district, who, "after conducting family prayers with notable grace and solemnity," offered to a guest for the night the person of his mother, wife or sister, as he should prefer, tempering, however, the traditional native hospitality with the consideration of a silver dollar. But worse than the inheritance of barbarism was the inoculation with the vices of civilized communities. Drunkenness is steadily increasing. The most instructive table of statistics in the book is that giving the consumption of intoxicants from 1860 to 1895. In 1860 the figures were: Spirits, 10,112 gallons; wines, 3,512; beers and ales, 671. In 1895 they were: Spirits, 39,653 gallons; wines, 280,913; beers and ales, 158,497. In virtue of this process of "beneficent assimilation" the native Hawaiians are surely, and not slowly, dying out. Captain Cook estimated the population to be 400,000. It was probably much less. Before Kamehamaha fearful inter-tribal wars destroyed many thousands. But the intersexual disease contributed by Christian civilization has been the great destroyer. The missionaries reckoned the native population in 1823 at 142,000; in 1853 it had fallen off one-half; in 1896 it was 31,019. Professor Blackman thinks the native Hawaiians on the way to extinction, the "part Hawaiians" following close behind. It must be confessed that one cannot read this book without an undercurrent of thought concerning our other and more tropical possessions, and the thought is not encouraging and delightful. Quite the contrary.

*The Making of Hawaii A Study in Social Evolution. By William Fremont Blackman, Professor in Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899.

"The Psychology of Woman."*

The purpose of Laura Marholm in writing this book was to depict some phases of the modern woman as she has been formed psychologically during the later centuries, the work being undertaken under the supposition that a woman's view of woman would be more satisfactory than the man's. To a man, however, whatever may be true of woman's psychology in general, the study seems to be conducted vaguely, and, doubtless, as said in the preface, "under the hindrances and disturbances which surround women in the struggle for existence"—and this fact explains, perhaps, the unscientific treatment of the subject and justifies in a measure the author's conclusions respecting woman's productive work, discussed in the last chapter. I do not see that very much is added to psychology. The analysis of types is not exhaustive, and the whole tendency of the work is reactionary, being directly antithetical to Mrs. Stetson's "Woman and Economics." One thing, however, especially distinguishes the book; it is the attention given to the Catholic woman, who has not been carried along so quickly as her Protestant and free-thinking sister, and who still possesses that connection with nature and power of emotional expansion which has been in some degree lost by the more ambitious and independent Protestant.

One of the interesting portions of the book is the author's account of certain women whom she terms "Seekers," but who in the nature of things cannot be "finders." Among them is Annie Besant, a possible "finder," with certainly great achievements to her credit. She is described as "the typical woman of culture and cultured tendencies of the latter half of this century; the woman lacking her own standards of weight and measure, lacking the feminine quality of intuitive, sharp, discriminating criticism, lacking the strong, imperative sympathies and antipathies of woman. She is the woman with the unconquerable passion for reading, capable of reading and appropriating everything—theology and social science, botany and algebra, atheism and theosophy, politics and devotional literature. She has studied everything, comprehended everything, talked and written about everything. She is the prototype of the intellectual woman with the "quick understanding" and "open"—ah, only too open—mind. The impersonality of the cultivated woman of the last decades is exhibited to us in her to a remarkable degree. She is the reflection

*"Studies in the Psychology of Woman." By Laura Marholm Translated from the German by Georgia A. Etchison. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

of the masculine, consummate, scientific feeling toward the mental and social problems of that period. Everything knowable is known; everything comprehensible is comprehended; the human relations can be ordered and solved easily and clearly through political parliamentary discussions, meetings, popular lectures and so on. There is much rhetorical 'fire,' little warmth and no depth whatever in this conception. There is also little modesty in it." Annie Besant is, then, an illustration of the error of woman's present direction toward self-help and economic independence. The true productive work of woman, this author declares, is first and foremost the mother vocation, and for those who cannot fulfill this function there remain open the innumerable avenues of service—philanthropic and charitable—"sisterhoods of life," wherein the unused mother energy may find outlet. The book concludes with these words: "We must go back again to instinct, or rather we must go forward to a finer instinct, for instinct is the basis of all psychology. And psychology is not only a science of knowledge; it is the offspring of the nerves and feeling. A period of thought which has lasted four hundred years has now gone by; a period of feeling is approaching, and with it comes the time of the woman."

O. L. TRIGGS.

"Alabama.'*

The DeWitt Publishing House is doing a noteworthy thing in presenting modern stage plays in printed form. One enjoys a play doubly if permitted to read the text at leisure either before or after witnessing the momentary spectacle. Some plays are fully realized only after many and careful readings. Shakespeare not infrequently suffers disillusionment when a play is presented upon the stage, action being so much freer in the place of the mind's imagery than upon a stage encumbered with curtains and green-room properties. Ibsen's plays, dealing so with problems, require reflection and one needs both vision and thought for their comprehension. The case is somewhat different with plays that are composed solely with reference to immediate stage effects, but even here the printed page is helpful.

The DeWitt house has done well in adding "Alabama" to its green-room edition of copyrighted plays, both for the reasons I have mentioned and as a compliment to America's most distinguished playwright, Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas is well known by his presentation of typical American scenes and characters, his intention being, I believe, to write plays under title of different states. One of his first successes, "In Missouri," and his latest production, "Arizona," will be recalled in this connection, and the present play, named "Alabama," is in line with his general motive. One cannot praise this motive too highly, for America needs now to come to self-consciousness and to know the life that is lived within its borders, not only in externals aspects, but also in its character, sentiments and impulses. Such characterization can be done at the best by novelists and on the stage, providing the real sentiment that pervades a given locality be given expression and caricature and satire be avoided.

In "Alabama" one breathes the atmosphere of the South in the spring of the year 1880, at a time when northern financiers are exploring the field for new railways and when, consequently, there is some clashing of temperaments and prejudices. Colonel Preston is described as "an old planter" and he represents the temper of the "Old South." Decatur is "an ante-bellum servant" with ante-bellum servility. Colonel Moberly is "a relic of the Confederacy," now obliged to build up his fortunes the best way he can. Squire Tucker, who furnishes humor to the situation, objecting to the railroad bridge because it will break up his frog-pond, is "a Talladega County justice." Carey Preston is "an Alabama blossom" that attracts the northerner Armstrong, at the first glance. The play shows the southern chivalry, the sense of honor that is satisfied only at the results of a duel, and some villainy at the hands of Raymond Page. It is a play one enjoys for its characterization, for contrasts between types and for the involution of a story that is subtle and interesting.

O. L. T.

*"Alabama." By Augustus Thomas. The DeWitt Publishing House, N. Y.

Richard Carvel.*

We had said in our hearts that we did not wish to read any more novels of adventure and personal bravery, and yet we must confess that here is another of this kind which we have enjoyed very much indeed and which leaves a good taste in the mouth and a happy feeling in the heart of the reader. It is a novel of colonial Maryland and contemporary England, ranging along from 1760 to the close of the Revolutionary war. It is impossible to avoid the impression that Thackeray's "Esmond" and "Virginians" are the models after which Mr. Churchill has worked and worked very successfully. There is here, as there, the old-fashioned style, well maintained for the most part, and the introduction of actual persons of note. This is very happily achieved, whether the actual person be George Fox or George Washington. The emphasis on Fox is strong and we have a vivid picture of his generous nature and his reckless ways. The emphasis is even stronger on John Paul Jones, who saves the hero from pirates who have carried him off and with whom the hero fights the battle of the Bon Homme Richard wit hthe Serapis. The story of that battle is well done, but we like better the quieter parts of the novel, the characters created by the novelist better than his half real ones, and the colonial Maryland parts better than those situate in England. The last particular has its justification, in part at least, in the fact that Thackeray has done the London gambling and other rakishness so well that Mr. Churchill unavoidably suffers by comparison. Were it true that faint heart ne'er won fair lady, Richard Carvel never would have won Dorothy Manners, for a fainter heart than his never fluttered in a lover's breast. She goes to the utmost verge of her maiden modesty to help him through, and still he dares not put it to the test. Harry Warrington's cowardice with Hetty Lambert, in "The Virginians," was not more miserable, though more fatal. Dorothy Manners is a delightful creature, but Mr. Churchill has been very daring in making Patty Swain so lovable and subjecting Richard to such dangerous propinquity with her year after year. It may even be doubted whether some of his readers are not less loyal to Dorothy than is Richard Carvel, succumbing to the gentler force of the rival power. The illustrations are more than commonly inadequate. The artist's conception of Dorothy is evolved from his own inner conscience and not from the text. He has not taken the pains to read this and more than once represents Dorothy's dress as radically different from the novelist's description. In general she is represented as a Dresden shepherdess or one taken bodily from one of Watteau's pastorals, and the wonder is that Mr. Churchill accepted illustrations which are so divergent from his own clearly expressed ideal.

J. W. C.

The "Poet-Lore" has a study program of Browning's "Poems of Adventure and Heroism," a suggestive title that will lead one far into Browning fields.

*Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill, Author of the Celebrity, etc., etc. New York, The Macmillan Company.. 1899.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—We ought to pray as we love, by mingling prayer with all our thoughts.
MON.—Among the Greeks enthusiasm signifies god in us.
TUES.—Among all the arts, music alone can be purely religious.
WED.—To pray together is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.
THURS.—Providence protects us in all the details of our lot.
FRI.—The language of religion can alone suit every situation and every mode of feeling.
SAT.—To live beneath sorrow one must yield to it.

—*Mme. de Staël.*

Bird-Wings.

In church, I marked, while listening
To the Gospel that was read,
The pretty bird-wings glistening
On many a woman's head.
A great oak branch was swinging
Across the open door,
A meadow-lark was singing
As I watched it upward soar.
I looked around while listening,
At the lovely, bright wings glistening
Of the birds that all were dead;
All their sweet, glad songs unsung—
Cruel seemed each woman's head,
Mournfully the branches swung.

Then I hearkened to the reading
Of the words that Jesus said,
And I wondered, are they heeding—
Those with birds upon their heads?
"God's great love is over all—
E'en He notes a sparrow's fall."
All around the bird-wings glistened,
And the people knelt to pray;
But, I thought, the while I listened,
What will Christ the Master say?
When, through His redeeming grace,
We shall see Him face to face,
In His paradise above,
And He asks our life account,
Nought will then avail but love—
Love for beast, and bird will count.

London, Ohio. —*By Margaret Dooris.*

A Terrier and a Turtle.

The villain of this little drama was a tan terrier; the victim was a small turtle, called Little Breeches, from a casual remark made by somebody concerning the small amount of nankeen which would be required to construct trousers for it.

The dog was first comer. When the turtle arrived we evinced an interest in its manners and customs, which made the dog jealous. He could not bite through the trurtle's shell, so he dropped it at intervals from the yard into the area, hoping to crack it open. That attempt failed. Then he was found persistently upright in his kennel and refusing to come out. When he was ejected by upsetting his box, lo! Little Breeches rolled out with him. He had been sitting on it, hoping to smother it, or else hatch it out of its shell.

Then, again, the turtle being missed and sought, was discovered thrust between two logs of a woodpile as far back as the dog could reach. One afternoon the turtle was missing again. All possible places were searched in vain. Then the dog was directed to find Little Breeches. He looked in the turtle tub and about the yard industriously; then went into the woodhouse, and I saw him glance peculiarly at one corner, while he sniffed in another. Going to that corner, I found a small board loose in the flooring. Taking this up, I saw the earth beneath had been recently disturbed. Digging down a few inches, I found the turtle planted upside down.—*New York Times.*

Heroism.

In presence of all the French troops guarding the capital of Tonquin the Governor-General recently bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Mother Mary Teresa, Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in that empire. The troops were drawn up in the little plaza of the city in a square surrounding a platform on which were the Governor-General and his staff.

The general, in a solemn and impressive tone, addressed her as follows:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field of Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitralleuse laid you prostrate in the front rank on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself.

"In 1870 you were taken up in Reischoffen covered with many saber wounds. Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge—you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded who looked at you with feelings of dismay, you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed that it was going to burst; you threw yourself on the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood, but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling, as is your wont. You were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital whence I have now summoned you."

Then the general made her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying with a quivering voice:

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army; no one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers! present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Mary Teresa rose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked:

"General, are you done?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then I will go back to the hospital!"—*Catholic Youth.*

A Lesson.

When I was a child, beside our door,
In a green and spreading sycamore,
There sung each morning, with note as clear
As a crystal brook, and full of cheer,
My robin.
I watched his plumage in childish glee,
And fancied he sung his song for me;
And the melody lingers in heart and brain,
Making me often a child again—
My robin.
I look for his coming in early spring;
When the crocus opens, and maples bring
Their crimson tassels to kiss the breeze,
And the sunshine dallies with new-leav'd trees—
My robin.
I hear him as the sun goes down,
And the stars come out o'er the silent town;
But there's never a harsh or mournful note,
That wells afresh from the warbler's throat—
My robin.
And I learn a lesson of hope and cheer
That carries me on from year to year;
To sing in the shadow as in the sun,
Doing my part till the work is done—
My robin.

—*Sarah Knowles Bolton.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Omaha.—This city has proven itself such an expert in the exposition business that the second edition of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, under the name of "The Greater America," being held from July 1 to November 1, 1899, promises to be a second success. It seems to make a specialty of "colonial business," whatever that may mean. The railroads are beginning to make generous concessions, and great steam processions of humanity are expected as soon as the harvest hurry is over. It will be hot, wearisome and hurried business, but it will be educative, and human souls will be enlarged thereby, so notwithstanding the fatigue incident thereto Unity believes in expositions.

Unitarian.—A meeting of the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference is called for September 6th to consider the acceptance of Rev. F. C. Southworth as Secretary. This probably means that the Third Unitarian Church is to be added to that list of vacant Unitarian pulpits in the West, which should arouse the enterprise of the best young men in the denomination. * * * We understand that the Rev. Mr. Day of Hingham has been called to the Church of the Messiah of St. Louis, but the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Unity Church of Chicago and Unity Church of Sioux City, Iowa, are still looking for pastors.

Jewish.—At the recent meeting of the Council of Jewish Women, held in London, Miss Richmond of New York, reported that an American committee of five women had undertaken the general supervision of the religious instruction of children. The magnitude of this task was made apparent when she reported that there were from two to two hundred and fifty thousand Jewish children in New York City alone, and that not more than twenty thousand of them were placed in Jewish schools. The report shows that the age of confirmation had been raised from thirteen to fifteen and that they hoped to raise it to eighteen. Steps also have been taken to give training to the teachers, and at least one woman has been asked for on every board of religious schools which heretofore has been made up entirely of men. The women have also protested against basement school rooms, and have done much to organize study circles in small communities where there are not Jews enough to maintain regular services.

Home Again.—Our associate, Dr. E. G. Hirsch, reached his home on the first inst., after a two months' traveling abroad. The Times-Herald of Chicago contains a three-column interview with Dr. Hirsch, largely given to the Dreyfus matter. The Doctor does not have a very hopeful view of the future of this case or a high estimate of France's present condition. The Dreyfus scandal he fears is symptomatic of a degenerate condition of French politics, which may result most any day in the overthrow of the republic and the re-establishment of a monarchy, with the gayety, style and popular parade that belong to monarchy, such as is realized even in London during the "season." Dr. Hirsch is reported as coming back in good health. His work awaits him and it is a work that needs the clearest mind and the soundest body. The past justifies the expectation that Dr. Hirsch will be equal to the test. We welcome him home.

Actual Fellowship.—While so many are talking about conquering love, union, etc., E. P. Powell of Clinton, New York, is doing the thing. If we count right, here is a little real unity with no formal union, which involves two Baptists, a Presbyterian and two or more who delight in the name of "evolutionist." Thus runs the notice:

A few friends will meet at the home of E. P. Powell on Wednesday, September 6, 1899, to enjoy a program of rest and brotherhood. Program:

5 to 6 a. m.—Rise.
6 to 8 a. m.—Walks and Talks.
8 to 9 a. m.—Breakfast.
9 to 10 a. m.—Walks and Talks.
10 to 12 a. m.—Discussion.
12 to 1 p. m.—Rest—solus.
1 to 2 p. m.—Dinner.
2 to 3 p. m.—Rest—solus.
3 to 5 p. m.—Discussion.
5 to 6 p. m.—Walks and Talks.
6 to 7 p. m.—Supper.
7 to 8 p. m.—Music.
After 8 p. m.—Absolute quiet.

Topics for discussion will be: "My Ideal In Life; How I Have Worked at It; How Succeeded, and How Failed." As many as possible will remain over Thursday, when the program will be the same, but the subject will be: "Faith, Its Power in Society, and in the Individual."

Papers will be presented, or talks, by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell; Prof. Wm. R. Terrett of Hamilton College; Dr. Smith Baker of Utica; Prof. Wm. H. Maynard of Colgate; Rev. H. H. Peabody of Rome. It is hoped that Miss Sarah J. Farmer of the Whittier Summer School will be present. No paper or talk will be over twenty minutes. The afternoon discussion, from 3 to 5 p. m., will be open to visitors.

The Flowers that Sow Themselves.

The gardener toils in the warm spring sun,
Upturned to the light is the damp, brown mold;
And he cares for his nurslings, one by one,
When the rain beats hard or the winds are cold.
The trim, straight walks, and the prim, straight beds,
Are his heart's delight as he digs and delves;
While they watch his labors with nodding heads,
The little flowers that sow themselves.

Nobody tends them, or counts their leaves,
Or looks for the bud in the calyx green;
The drip of the rain from the old house eaves
And the beaming sun with its yellow sheen
Into their little far corner fall—
Their kinsmen yet on the greenhouse shelves,
They are out and about the first of all,
The little flowers that sow themselves!

So it isn't only the weeds that thrive;
But the soft, sweet graces for which we care,
And nourish at first to keep alive,
By the sun of love, and the dew of prayer—
That after a while from their nook apart,
Shine out like a troop of sunbeam elves!
Perennial bloom of a faithful heart—
The little flowers that sow themselves!

—*Emma Herrick Weed.*

Too Late.

Now that her eyes are hid in death's eclipse,
We give her tears and smiles! Now that the crown
Of God's great love is hers, we bow us down,
And press our small love sign upon her lips.

We bring her beauty; weary unblessed hours
Were hers; now that from out her gloom
She hath passed on to fields of fadeless bloom,
We come and bring our little gift of flowers.

We give her praise, now that she doth not heed,
So great her peace, what any lips can say,
We come and speak the praise above her clay
That we denied her in her sorest need.

If, as some deem, the spirit lingers near
Its empty house awhile, I think she must
Wonder to find her soul-deserted dust
Grown suddenly so very strangely dear.

—*Carlotta Perry in Carter's Monthly.*

For Hope may anchor, Faith may stir; but Love,
Great Love, alone is captain of the soul.

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The Faith That Makes Faithful.

(The Twenty-Seventh Thousand.)

By WILLIAM C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

—o—

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They bring comfort and strength to the hearts of the weary and discouraged.—*San Diego Union.*

It strengthens the soul to serve God and bless the World.—*The National Baptist.*

Worn and weary women, facing the daily routine of unescapable duties, will find here consolation and fresh motives to go on. —*Helen Campbell.*

They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life's duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald,* Omaha.

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimabel which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean, Chronicle* and *The Cause,* who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

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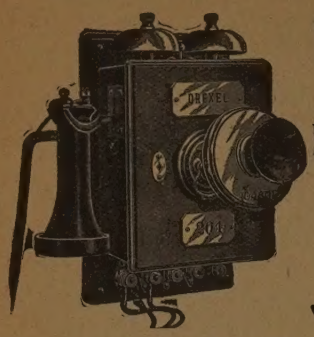

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